

Fuck That Turtle, I Just Wanna Die In Peace! by Eri_senpai

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Summary:

Eddie gasped as he woke up, he sat upright feeling sweaty and sticky, his eyes slowly adjusted to the light flooding the room through the window. Eddie looked around, he was in his room, his childhood room.

“What the f..?” He looked down at himself and almost screamed.

He looked 13. WHY THE FUCK DID HE LOOK 13?!

When Eddie dies, the cosmic turtle sends him back in time to give the losers a second chance, even though nobody fucking asked it to.

1. Eddie is back

Eddie gasped as he woke up, he sat upright feeling sweaty and sticky, his eyes slowly adjusted to the light flooding the room through the window. Eddie looked around, he was in his room, his childhood room. “What the f..?” He looked down at himself and almost screamed.

He looked 13. WHY THE FUCK DID HE LOOK 13?!

Feeling a panic attack approaching, Eddie bolted to his bathroom and stared in shock at the young face staring back at him. He *was* 13, in his Star-wars pajamas, which fucked him up. Last he remembered Pennywise had pierced his chest and he was dying in Richie’s arms. Did he mention that last he checked he was 40 years old, a grown-ass man? Who was dying at the hands of itsy bitsy spider the dancing clown? God, this was so fucked up, was this a dying delusion or something? Eddie stepped out of the bathroom and sitting in his nightstand was a figurine of a turtle he had never seen before, he picked it up.

“What is this supposed to mean?!” Eddie demanded instantly hating his high pitched prepubescent voice, looking suspiciously at the turtle in his hands. He refused to believe the last 27 years of his life where a dream, and even if they were, they would be a nightmare. Eddie didn’t know how much he had missed his friends, mainly because he didn’t remember, but he now understood his everlasting general apathy towards the world. His friends were the missing piece in his life all along, Eddie thought of them, the grown-up version of them, what had happened? Did they win? Were they ok? He had many questions he didn’t have the answer to. Eddie didn’t even know what day it was, but judging by the neatly folded outfit in the chair beside the window and his JanSport backpack beside it, today was a school day.

Eddie groaned, there was a reason he hadn’t missed his memories of actually going to “learn” in school. He didn’t even remember what he had learned in eighth grade.

The time traveler looked at the clock in his nightstand, it read 7:00

am, Bill, Stan, and Richie would be waiting for him soon.

Oh god, Richie.

Due to Eddie forgetting everything that had happened to him in this forsaken town, he also forgot the gay crisis he had at the tender age of 13. Fortunately or unfortunately, Eddie hasn't decided yet, when he saw Richie at that Chinese restaurant all those midnight wanks came to hit him right in the dick. However, right now Richie was 13, which made Eddie feel sick for different reasons.

Eddie decided he had to get ready before his friends got to his house. When he was ready he heard a loud noise against his window, Eddie immediately knew one of his friends had thrown a rock at it. He moved the curtains and there he saw Richie urging him to come down. "Get your slow ass down here!" Eddie heard through the window. He scoffed, his friends were assholes, but he teared up at the sight of them being safe. Seeing them all so heart-broken when he was bleeding in the ground of that cave made Eddie realize they were the only people that truly loved him, and not in the sick sense his wife and mother did.

Eddie made his way downstairs, seeing his mom again was an experience, she was younger than he remembered but still had that *crazy Karen* vibe.

"Eddie-bear, come eat breakfast with your mother." She demanded and suddenly everything she had done to him, all the things that had fucked him up in his childhood came back to him, and so did his anger and resentment.

"Sorry mom, this is too much food for my delicate body." Eddie said bitterly and grabbed a toast from the plate full of food. "I'm running late for school." He said power walking to the door and snapping it shut before he could hear her response.

"Hey there Eddie spaghetti!" Richie said softly.

Eddie smiled, he had missed this, both his friends and the light-heartedness they had before going down those sewers. "Hey." He answered.

"Wow!" Richie said surprised Eddie did not object to the nickname. "Are those calming pills finally taking effect?"

Eddie snorted. "Shut up, Richie." He said without heat.

"Or did you finally jerked off to learn to relax?" Richie continued.

"Maybe you should stop jerking so much and learn to shut up!" Eddie teased back.

Stan and Bill laughed hysterically at that.

"Eddie, holy s-shit!" Bill said also surprised at his good mood.

"Are you ok?" Stan said, lightly smiling too. "You didn't even bring your medicines."

Eddies heart clenched when he met Stan's eyes, he hadn't seen him for 27 years, and It had killed his friend.

"Um...Oh, yeah." Eddie said absentmindedly. "Turns out they were fucking placebos." He said angrily as the group started to make their way to the school.

"What?!" Stan exclaimed, as the only one that apparently knew what placebos are.

"W-w-what are placebos?" Bill stuttered.

Eddie remembered what Greta had told him that day at the pharmacy and snorted. "They are bullshit! I don't have an illness, it turns out my mom was making it all up." He explained.

The rest of the group stopped walking.

"Eddie, how are you not losing your shit over this?" Said Richie baffled at the short boy's nonchalantness.

“Well, I got over it.” Eddie said nervously, what if he really was in the past and he fucked things up and got one of his friends killed?

He couldn’t bear the death of any of them.

Not again.

“I mean...It makes sense, that’s all.” He continued, ignoring the stares of his friends. “Don’t get me wrong I’m definitely mad at my mom, but at least I don’t have to take them anymore.” He still had his inhaler in his pocket, but he hadn’t felt freer in his life.

When they arrived Eddie noticed it was the last day of school, by then he had also understood why he was in the past, he had to save his friends, especially Stan and if Eddie did die, himself too. But, how exactly was he going to do that? The ritual of Chud hadn’t worked, and meanwhile, Eddie himself gave It some damage, it wasn’t exactly permanent.

Goddammit, why was he the one that had to carry the burden of saving Derry from that clown, heroics were Bill’s type thing, not Eddie’s. And the worst thing was that he would do it, for Stan, for Richie, for the Losers, his best friends, his family.

The last class of the day was math, Eddie had trouble remembering which class he was supposed to go, Stan and Bill seamed concerned by how he didn’t remember where he had to go, but by last period had found his schedule that was neatly wrapped in contact.

When Eddie, Bill, and Richie made it out of math, Bill had started to talk about Stan’s bar mitzvah, speculating about Jew traditions.

“But, how’s it work?” Bill said confused.

“They slice the tip of his dick off.” Eddie said, as the memory of the first time this happened suddenly made its way into his mind. He is surprised by the weird feeling of the new memory overlapping so vividly with his old one, a sensation akin to dejavú Eddie notes.

“But then Stan will have nothing left!” Richie said humorously, though different from the first time in a way Eddie couldn’t quite

explain. "Is true." Richie said.

"Wait, guys!" Stan said from behind the three of them.

Bill asks Stan what they do in a bar mitzvah, but Richie is already answering with a crude joke. Eddie can't quite put his finger on it, but there's something different about Richie, something more...mature, that wasn't there the first time around.

They continue down the stairs to the school entrance. Eddie notices as they made their way to the trash the signs of the Derry police and the posters of missing kids and can't find it in himself to be scared, he's just tired of this shit.

"You know," Richie starts after all four of them have disposed of their books and had a very depressing talk about the missing girl, Betty Ripson. "The barrens aren't that bad, who doesn't like splashing around in shitty water?" He says, notably more sourly and exhausted than he did the first time, but the last part is almost cut by a groan as Henry Bowers crashes him hard against Stan.

"Y-y-you SUCK Bowers!" Bill says, not before Victor burps next to Eddie, which makes him want to gag just as much as the first time.

Eddie doesn't tell Bill to shut up, because seeing Bowers, makes his blood boil and all he can think is '*yes, Bowers, you fucking suck!*' but he is still too scared of change the future too much.

"I wish he'd gone missing." Both Eddie and Richie day at the same time, after Henry threatens Bill and then goes away in his car with his cronies. Richie looks at Eddie surprised and with a searching glance, while the latter just stares back with a slightly panicked look.

Stan goes to his father's church, and the rest of them go to Eddie's house for some snacks to the barrens.

"Take everything, guys." Eddie said happily, back then he would have saved the ones his mom liked, but she didn't think to maybe not lie to her son saying he is sick, so why did Eddie have to give a shit about what snack his mother liked.

"Hey Eddie," Richie said, when Eddie turned around and looked at

his smug smirk, he knew what was coming. “These are your birth control pills?” He said with a shit-eating grin.

Eddie couldn’t help but grin back. “Yeah, I’m saving them for your mom.” He shot back, Richie chuckled slightly as Eddie closed the cabinet the former had opened and they started to make their way to the door.

Sonia Kaspbrak questioned them for a few seconds. “Aren’t you forgetting something?” She asked, Eddie knew she wanted him to kiss her cheek, but instead Eddie smiled at her in a fake sweet manner.

“I don’t think so ma.” He said, rushing his friend out.

“Eddie-bear-!”

Eddie shut the door quickly.

Richie stared at him weirdly again, Eddie walked past him and Bill who were staring at him and hopped into his bike, in direction of Stan’s house. Once Stan was with them they started riding to the sewers.

Richie and Bill were the first to go in, Eddie shivered remembering the last time he was in the sewers, but entered the disgusting water anyway. The sewers were just as disgusting as he remembered, grey and with many nasty surprises like little missing girl’s shoes.

Hearing the splashing, Richie turned to look at him in surprise. “You got in.” He said as if trying to believe it himself.

“Yeah, I-“ Eddie started, then he remembered that he did not enter the first time, due to his extremely serious germophobia, which he still had but in a greatly decreased way. By now Eddie had entered a few times, and he knew germs were definitely the least of the problems in the sewers.

But then Eddie remembered why the four of them couldn’t enter. They had to save Ben from Bowers and his gang if they entered they wouldn’t see the chubby boy run for his life by the barrens. He had to stop them from entering.

“These are grey waters, Eds.” Richie said. “Aren’t you at least a little creeped out? You know, by infections of whatever?”

Eddie squinted at that, Richie hadn’t even known what grey waters *were* the first time. “I don’t have any open wound so it wouldn’t get infected. But now that you mention it these sewers are old, they could fucking collapse on top of us, we shouldn’t go farther.”

Richie rolled his eyes, smiling a little, but then hesitated when he was about to talk. “What are you, a risk analyst?” He looked directly at Eddie, and it might have been dark but Eddie knew Richie had a serious look on his face.

Eddie’s eyes widened. How did he know? *Did* he know? Was there a possibility that maybe Richie was-?

“And you are such a comedian.” Eddies voice sounded rough, he didn’t want to get his hopes up, but he couldn’t help but think that maybe...*maybe Richie had come back too.*

2. Back again

Summary for the Chapter:

Richie's back toooooo!!

When Eddie saw Richie's eyes widen like he couldn't believe the other man had picked up his reference to the future. An unspoken conversation passes between the two time travelers, they know they will have to talk later, but for now, they both know that at least they are together again.

“Guys!” Bill called from ahead of them, holding a shoe.

“Shit, don’t...tell me that’s...” Stan says in a strangled voice.

“No,” Bill said. “G-Guh-Georgie wore galoshes.”

There was silence.

“Whose is it?” Stan said.

Eddie and Richie looked at each other. “Betty Ripson’s” they whispered.

“Betty R-Ri-Ripson’s” Bill said when he looked at the name in the shoe.

Richie was starting to walk further into the sewer when Eddie yanked him back and whispered. “We can’t go, we need to save Ben!”

Richie's eyes widened, and he nodded.

“My mom would have an aneurysm if she found out we are here.” Eddie said suddenly, he didn’t give a fuck what his mother thought anymore, but they had to stall until Ben got there. “Bill?”

“If I was Betty Ripson, I would--” Bill started, but a splashing sound was heard outside the sewers.

Stan gasped as he turned to the river beside them. Eddie and Richie ran to the entrance of the sewers, knowing who it was.

“Shit, Ben.” Richie said like he didn’t remember how bad he looked the first time.

Eddie and Richie reacted first, running to the panting boy kneeling in the water. They helped Ben out and in the back of Bill’s bike. “We need to go to the pharmacy.” Eddie said as all of them got to their bikes, knowing Bowers and his cronies were still looking for Ben. Once behind the alley, they left Richie in charge of Ben and went to the store. Eddie already knew they didn’t have any money, and that they would find none other than Beverly Marsh to help them. They got out of the drug store without an incident, though Eddie still crashed against one of the shelves. At the alley, Eddie immediately started to tend Ben’s injuries.

“Back at it again Doctor K, huh?” Richie smiles at him as the smaller teen poured alcohol to Ben’s wound.

Eddie turned around and smiled at him. “As long as you don’t do your shitty British accent...”

“Why my dear Eddie Spa-” Richie started to say in a British accent but was interrupted by Beverly arriving.

As Bill awkwardly invited Beverly to the quarry, Eddie, having finished tending to Ben, and Richie stared at each other. Knowing they would talk later, alone, because this situation was completely crazy, the good thing was they were *used* to crazy. Once they left Ben at his house, and Bill and Stan, left to theirs, Richie and Eddie stayed together.

When the other three boys were out of sight Richie turned to Eddie and hugged him, tightly. Eddie returned the hug, feeling all sorts of emotions, Richie started to cry, and Eddie couldn’t take it and joined him, heavy tears streaming down his face.

“Eddie,” Richie said with a broken voice, still sobbing at Eddie’s shoulder. “You were dead.”

“I know.” Eddie whispered. “Did you...” *Die too*, was unsaid, but Richie understood.

“No, but when you did, all I could think was that I would give anything to be with you again.” Richie said breathlessly. “Then, the next day, I woke up here.”

“Me too.” Eddie said, still in Richie’s arms. “When I died, I woke up in my old room.” He looked away.

“So, what now?” Richie asked.

“What?” Eddie said, almost too happy he had someone he could count on in this fucked up situation, he didn’t think he would have been able to take on the weight of the responsibility of saving the losers club.

“We were given this second chance to make things better, right?” Richie reasoned.

“Allegedly.”

“What can we *make* better?” Richie adjusted his glasses.

“Well, we need to save Stan.” Eddie answered immediately.

“And you.” Richie said firmly.

Edie nodded. “And me.” Then he snapped back at Richie. “Wait, did you even defeat It?”

“Yeah,” Richie said, but he didn’t look happy about it. “But it wasn’t a victory, you and Stan were gone, it was a hollow win.” He looked away.

Eddie grabbed his hand. “Hey, look at me.” Richie’s soft and vulnerable eyes turned to the smaller man. “I’m fine, we have a real chance here, we can save them, even if we have to wait another 27 years.”

Richie smiled.

“How did you beat It?” Eddie asked. “I mean, the ritual of Chud didn’t work, what did you guys do?”

“We did what you said, we made it small,” Richie answered. “Made him believe It was small.” He grinned warmly at Eddie. “You are a fucking genius, Eds.”

“So, we don’t need the ritual?” Eddie asked, blushing lightly at the compliment.

“Nope.” Richie said.

“How exactly are we going to make them believe It is small, they

aren't adults yet." Eddie reasoned. "They have lots of unresolved trauma."

"So, did we." Richie said. "I think...I think that getting over them was what let us kill it, you got over the illness thing, to some degree, and you could almost kill It." He explained.

"Yeah..." Eddie said still thinking. "I just...we need to kill him now, if he gets to live like last time, we won't be able to save Stan."

"Yeah, I know."

Eddie knew what was going to happen, after going to the quarry, he'd have to go alone by the Neibolt house and have his first encounter with Pennywise. And he was fucking ready, what was that dirty clown going to throw at him now that he had overcome his fears. The leaper? Bitch had literally tried to tongue him, and Eddie had defeated it. Was he going to mock him with his sexuality? Be his fucking guest, Eddie's never been prouder of liking dick in his life. (*see what I did there?*)

He walked on Neibolt street, looking directly at the fucking hose at his right. The watch in his wrist started to beep, which was weird because Eddie had put it on silence since he wasn't taking the placebos anymore.

As he glanced at his watch, he heard the door of the house swung

open.

“Eddie...” Said the eerie voice he recognized as the leaper’s through the darkness of the old house. “What are you looking for?”

Eddie turned at it and raised an eyebrow. ‘So, it’s *the leaper, huh Pennywise?*’ He thought and kept walking when he suddenly tripped on his fucking feet, Eddie groaned, fucking great, Richie was going to laugh his ass off when Eddie tells him what happened. Eddie quickly got on his knees and was about to stand up completely.

“Need some help, Eddie?” The disgusting voice of the leaper said offering the boy a hand.

Eddie stood up calmly, honestly surprised by how unafraid he was. He had come to realize that if he had Richie and the rest of the losers there was nothing to fear, plus he knew It wasn’t trying to kill him yet.

“Oh no, I think you are the one that needs help.” Eddie said smugly and threw a much-deserved punch to the leaper’s face. The green and grey fluids that remained in his hand after the impact disgusted him more than it scared him, and he grimaced at the feeling.

The leaper growled and for a second Pennywise’s face showed in anger instead of the leaper’s. Eddie ran to the yard of the house, knowing full well, It was behind him. When at the limit of the yard, Eddie turned to It trying to hide his smile, he didn’t want It figuring everything out immediately.

“Where you going, Eds?” Pennywise said after raising his red balloons to reveal his face.

Now that just made Eddie angry, only Richie could call him that. How dare this clown think it can do that?

“If you lived here, you’d be home by now.” It said menacingly.

Eddie rolled his eyes. “If you hadn’t fucking interrupted me, *I’d be home by now.*”

The incredulous look the clown gave him was worth every second of this almost 30-year torture.

“C-come join the clown, Eds.” The clown tried, and Eddie almost cracked laughing, Pennywise, the destroyer of worlds, was feeling insecure?! That’s fucking hilarious. “You’ll float down here, we all float down here! Yes, we do!” It laughed maniacally. Eddie had to think this right, maybe screaming like he did the last time would give Pennywise a false sense of security and then Eddie would see the moment the asshole realized It was going to be destroyed by a little kid.

“Ok, fine, I’ll bite.” Eddie smirked at the way Pennywise’s smile disappeared and It’s laughing stopped. “Ahhhh!” He screamed as he turned to the hole in the metallic fence and made his way out, feeling more confident as the balloons popped behind him.

He walked home, pondering what had happened, It had used the same tactics he used the last time, hadn't changed into his real fears, which went along the line of his friends dying. Was it possible that Pennywise was just able to see the fears of his thirteen-year-old self? Because if that was the case, It couldn't scare either Eddie nor Richie.

Notes for the Chapter:

Things about this chapter:

-I honestly don't know how well this Eddie shamming It is where I wanted to go, but this is what I had written, so tell me what you think, do you guys want something more serious, or should I just get it over with and get to the Reddie.

-English is not my first language, and I had to watch the movie while writing this, and when Bill says "Georgie wore galoshes." I didn't understand what they were and was like "what the fuck are goshes?!" Because that's what I understood the first time. I had to look it up because I knew they had to be like boots because that's what it saw Georgie use, but I needed the exact word.

3. There is more to you than your ass

Summary for the Chapter:

Mikey joins the losers and they have their first encounter with our dear Pennywise, also, flirting and the power of love save the day.

After his encounter with Pennywise, Eddie decided Richie needed to know the newfound information, which honestly was just speculation since Eddie couldn't prove it wasn't able to sense their fears regardless of their mental age just yet, but if this theory proved to be correct, this was their biggest weapon against Pennywise.

Eddie entered the house, Sonia had thankfully fallen asleep while watching TV, so Eddie was free to call Richie. He slowly walked to the phone and dialed to the other time traveler's house.

"What is it?" Answered a slightly slurred, but annoyed voice after so long, Eddie thought no one was going to pick up.

"Good evening Mrs. Tozier, it's Eddie Kaspbrak." Eddie said politely.
"May I speak with Richie?"

There was no response for a few seconds. "Kid!" Said Mrs. Tozier, loudly. "The Kaspbrak kid is on the phone!" Then Eddie heard what he thought was Richie's mom dropping the phone and leaving the room.

"Hey." Said Richie when he picked up the phone, his voice sounding slightly upset.

"Hey, Richie." When Eddie got no response, he was filled with worry.
"Are you ok?"

Richie gave a miserable sigh. "Yeah, I'm fine." Sounding not fine at all.

"Richie," Eddie said sternly, and peaked to see if his mother had woken up. "we literally time traveled 27 years to the past, I think we owe it to each other, to tell the truth."

“I’m fine,” Richie assured. “I’m just...I forgot how shitty it was to live in this town.”

Eddie knew that just that day he had been called ‘fagot’ at least trice. He also knew Richie’s home life wasn’t the best, his mom drank too much and his father acted like Richie wasn’t there, which infuriated Eddie to no end despite them not being 13. Richie was amazing, and how someone could just not be proud of having a son as great as him was maddening, Richie was smart, funny, caring, and so many other things, and his parents act like he is nothing. It made Eddie want to scream at their fucking faces.

“Yeah, I can relate.” Eddie joined Richie in the sighing. “This town is trash and I don’t know why we are trying to save it.”

“This town can go fuck itself, we are saving Stan,” Richie stated fiercely. “That and your cute little ass.”

“About that,” Eddie said remembering why he had called in the first place. “my ass might be saved, I had a run-in with our number one clown today.”

“God, Eddie!” Richie said sounding worried. “Are you-”

“I’m fine, I’m fine, what’s important is that It didn’t change tactics, It still sends the leaper after me.” Eddie stated.

“...Ok, excuse me if I don’t see how that helps us.”

“It can’t use our actual fears against us!” Eddie explained, cursing himself for speaking so loudly when he could wake Sonia up. “It can only use our thirteen-year-old fears, which we already overcame with the ritual of Chud thing.”

“Ohhhh, so he can’t scare us.” Richie muttered un realization. “So, there is more to you than your ass, Eds.”

“Yet the same can’t be said about you and your mouth.” Eddie shot back, unable to stop himself from smiling.

“Didn’t know you liked my mouth so much.” Richie laughed. “Should have said you wanted a taste so bad sooner, Eddie Spaghetti!”

“Don’t fucking call me that, Richie!” Eddie said half-heartedly, laughing back. “Talk to you tomorrow, alright?”

“Sure Eds.” Richie said softly. “Have sweet dreams of me!” He teased.

Always. “As if!” Eddie said. “Goodnight Rich.”

“Goodnight Eds.”

“I don’t want to stay.” Richie pouted when he was told to stay on watch once they arrived at Beverly’s house to help her clean up the blood in her bathroom.

“Oh, you want in on the fun of cleaning out blood?” Eddie sassed.

“No, but I don’t want to stay here staring at the ceiling.” Richie complained.

“There’s no ceiling here genius.” Eddie pointed out. “You ca-”

“It’s a figure of speech, you dumbass.” Richie sassed back.

“You’re the dumba-”

“A-a-alright guys, e-enough of that.” Bill interrupted. “Let’s just go help Bev.” He looked pointedly at Richie so he would stay, Richie huffed in annoyance.

“Wait,” He said when the rest of the losers started to climb up the stairs to Beverly’s apartment. “what do I do if her father comes back?” Even though he knew what Stan was going to say he couldn’t help but want to hear Stan’s dry humor, and Richie knew Eddie felt the same.

“Do what you always do,” Stan said loudly as the rest of the club got farther away. “start talking.”

“It is a gift.” Said Richie, sharing a grinning with Eddie one last time before the losers entered the Marsh residence.

After feigning surprise, Eddie saw Bill, Stan, and Ben go gather the cleaning supplies. Beverly kept staring at Eddie weirdly, and he couldn’t help but feel uncomfortable, he didn’t think he had done anything that could make Bev like this, so he smiled at her albeit awkwardly.

“I’m sorry tha-” Eddie started unable to bear the silence but was interrupted by Bev.

“How did you know it was blood?” Beverly asked, looking at Eddie with suspicion and curiosity.

Eddie’s eyes widened, *shit*, he had fucked up, now Bev was suspicious and there was no way she would believe whatever lie he could say now, much less if it was something he made up on the spot. “I...uh... the same thing happened to me when you told us to come, I thought that maybe the same thing happened to you...” Eddie smiled shyly at her, playing innocent, something he had gotten good at when Myra questioned him on why he did things that she thought were too dangerous for him.

Bev’s eyes softened. “Oh Eddie, why didn’t you say anything?” She smiled. “After we are done here, we can help you at your house.”

Fuck.

“Oh! uh, no Bev, it’s fine, Richie helped me clean.” Eddie panicked as he tried to make up excuses. “I just...had not said anything because I thought I was going crazy.” He babbled. “Sorry.”

“Oh no, it’s fine, I was scared I was going crazy too, I get it.” Beverly assured. “I’m just glad I’m not the only one.”

Then Eddie felt bad for lying to her, she looked so relieved she wasn’t going crazy, and he had lied straight to her caring face.

“So,” She said, her expression changing to a teasing smile. “Richie helped?”

Eddie blushed like a fucking schoolgirl despite being forty, and suddenly he didn’t feel so bad. “...Yeah, he helped me.” He muttered, looking away from Bev as the implications of her smug glance were too much for him.

“I think you should tell him.” Beverly stated.

“Uh...tell him what?” Eddie played dumb, even though he knew exactly what Bev meant. She had also caught on his feelings for Richie early on, and in the Chinese restaurant waggled her eyebrows embarrassingly at him each time Eddie and Richie started to bicker.

“Eddie, you know what I’m referring to,” She said sternly. “you like Richie, *like-like* him.”

He couldn’t deny it, Bev had always been able to read him like a book, she just gets him like that, it’s not something any of them have ever been able to explain. “Shut up.” He said harshly because being like that had always been his defense mechanism. “I can’t do that; he doesn’t like me that way.”

Because Richie might love him as a friend, but he could never like him romantically, Richie had always been so blatantly straight, making jokes about his dick and fucking someone’s mom. There was no way he liked men, and even if he did there was no chance, he would like Eddie.

“Are you kidding me?” Bev said incredulously. “He adores you.”

Eddie opened his mouth to deny, but the rest of the boys arrived with the cleaning material, so Eddie brooded in the corner, muttering to himself as he cleaned the blood up.

After finishing up they all got out of the apartment, where Richie complained loudly about being left alone, while they cleaned the blood up. And just like last time Richie made a joke about Eddie’s mom and said Beverly had imagined it all.

“I didn’t imagine it, Richie.” Beverly said glaring at him. “You saw it

happened to Eddie too!"

Richie's and Eddie's eyes widened as they looked at each other, Eddie gave him a look that said 'Lie!' and prayed for the best.

"Right, that." He said. "Didn't know Eddie had told you about that."

"You saw blood too?" Stan said to Eddie, to which the latter nodded.

"I s-s-saw something t-too." Bill started frowning. "Not blood, but... G-Guh-Georgie, he l-looked so real, and there was t-this..." Bill struggled to say, not because of his stutter but something else.

"Clown." Richie said. "Yeah, I saw him too." Eddie raised an eyebrow at him, like saying 'you didn't the first time, what's up with that?' and Richie shrugged. "Didn't think it was real at first." He said as a response, everyone else started nodding to signify they had seen It too.

Eddie stared off to the distance and jolted when he saw a bike by the grass. "Shit," He said remembering the rock fight. "That's Mike's bike." The losers snapped to the right to see the bike, next to a car.

"I-i-it's next to Belch's car." Bill noted.

Richie looked at Eddie, frowning. "We have to go help him." He dropped his bike and bolted to the woods; the others soon followed.

Bev threw a rock at Henry Bowers just in time, before he could smash a rock on Mike's head. "You losers are trying too hard, she'll do you, if you ask nicely." Bowers smiled cruelly. "Like I did." He grabs his crotch.

Eddie's blood boils, who the hell does this fucker think he is to say shit like that about Beverly?! Eddie is mad, so fucking mad his knuckles go white as he hears Ben scream, he notes for a moment Richie is also frowning clearly angry.

"FUCK YOU, ASSHOLE!!!" Eddie cries as he throws the heavy rock in his hands, that nails Henry Bowers right in the head with such force the falls to the ground. Victor goes to grab a rock, but at doing so Richie throws his own rock, which hits him right in the nose, making

him stumble to the ground too.

“Rock war!!!” Richie shrieks as the rest of the losers start to throw rocks at the bullies.

Being outnumbered the older boys, except for Bowers run away, the later laid in the ground his head bloodied. The losers help Mike up and start walking away from the river.

Eddie and Richie stay.

“Go blow your dad, you mullet-wearing asshole!” Richie screams at Henry, who is panting unable to get up.

“Fuck you!” Eddie says as he and Richie flip him off before joining the other losers.

They go to the park where they talk about the things they have seen, It, and Mike’s tragic past, and then they go to Bill’s house. In the garage, Bills sets up the projector and Ben puts up a map of Derry. Richie and Eddie share a wary look, knowing what will happen.

Bill starts talking about the coincidences of the disastrous events and how they match up with the sewers and connect with the well-house in Neibolt. Eddie tells them that’s where he saw the clown and the leaper.

“T-th-tha-that’s where It lives.” Bill concludes.

“I can’t imagine anything wanting to live there.” Stan says, the fear is palpable in his voice. Eddie and Richie can feel the tension rise in the group, and because their friends are scared, they feel scared too. This fear is what baits Pennywise in the first place, Eddie realizes, that’s why they were targeted, they were all afraid, and that was exactly what It wanted.

“This is bullshit!” Eddie shot up from his seat. “W-We should be out

there, it's summer, I can't take this." He rips the map off the wall, trying to divert the attention to himself in an attempt to somewhat dissipate the fear in his friends.

Then the slides start to change without anyone touching the projector and Eddie shuts his eyes in frustration. Richie, knowing what was happening yanked Eddie to his side as the slides start to go faster and the clown is close to making an appearance. The faster they go the more agitated everyone is, the image projected of Bill's mom starts to morph into that of Pennywise.

"Turn it off!" Bev screams. "Turn it off!"

Mike scrambles to the projector struggling to turn it off and kicks it to the ground, where the slides keep changing. Everyone starts backing to the garage entrance, save Stan who is beside the projector when It does appear, he screams and runs to the others.

Eddie is ashamed to admit he is scared as the giant clown starts to crawl to them with his creepy smile, but the Richie grabs Eddie's hand, lacing their fingers together, and then Eddie realizes he is not alone, he doesn't have to face It alone. Eddie's not scared anymore, he grabs Richie's hand back and squeezes back, summoning every ounce of courage he has and stares back at Pennywise defiantly.

"What are you going to do, huh?" Eddie challenges. "You are just a clown!" He will admit it is a little early to use their ultimate weapon, but he couldn't care less when his friends are in danger.

"Yeah!" Richie yells, his voice only shaking slightly. "What are you going to do, make me a balloon animal?" Then he scoffs. "Clown!"

It stops dead in its tracks and growls, Richie notices he slightly shrinks in size, It looks to the other corner of the garage where Beverly stands, shaking with her eyes wide, but then looks at Eddie and Richie and a determined look crosses her face.

"Yes! Y-You are just a clown!" Beverly says, no quite believing it but giving her enough courage to walk up to Eddie's side, where he offers her a hand, Bev gives him a terrified smile and grabs it.

It shrinks once again, Its eyes widening. The others don't hesitate and link their hands with each other. Most of them can't speak and are utterly terrified, but it is enough to make Pennywise stumble back. The room goes black again, and when they can see again It is gone.

They all give a sigh of relief, and Bill goes to open the garage entrance. They are all gasping, but they are fine.

"We need to go." Bill states, without even stuttering.

"Wha-where?" Stan says.

"T-to the Neibolt house." Bill says already going to his bike. "T-that's where G-Guh-Georgie is."

"After that?!" Stan asks, stunned. "It's summer, we should be outside."

"If you say summer one more f-f-f-fucking time..." Bill says frustrated, and he takes his bike riding to the well-house.

"Wait Bill!" Eddie says desperately. "We need to think this through!" He yells after him. "Fuck." Eddie agrees that what they did just now is amazing, but the others are definitely not prepared to go against It, they are way too scared and not united enough to be able to have a chance against it.

Notes for the Chapter:

Things about this chapter:

-I'm sorry I took so long to update, I was just so busy with school I didn't have the time to do it, sorryyyy.

-I wanted to show how much Richie and Eddie love the other losers because to them they are family even though the others are not that close yet, so that's why I wrote Richie being so concerned for Mike, and Eddie so mad at Bowers for calling Bev easy.

-Reddie flirting gives me life.

-Richie saw It in a dream, the first time, but he thought it was just a dream, but he knows now it was

Pennywise messing with him.

4. When your greatest fear is 'The straights'

Summary for the Chapter:

Got u sum ansty fluff.

Notes for the Chapter:

Sooooooo, this is getting a tad longer than I thought so heads up ;)

All the Losers save for Bill climbed their bikes and proceeded to chase Bill to the Neibolt house when they got to Bill was already at the door, staring at it. Eddie couldn't let Bill go alone, much like last time, which got him thinking that maybe he and Richie could not actually change anything, they couldn't save anyone. Eddie pedaled faster, struggling to get to his impulsive friend.

"Wait, Bill!" Eddie cried, as he jumped off his bike and threw it to the ground rushing to where Bill was. "We can't go after him right now!"

"Look, you don't have to come with me." Bill stated strongly while he stared at his friends. "But what happens when another Georgie goes missing? Or another Betty, or another Corcoran, or one of us? Are we just going to pretend it isn't happening like everyone in this town?" He stated fiercely frustrated, and Eddie understood, he did, but he was scared, not of Pennywise, but of fucking his one chance to save every one of the pains of forgetting and having to go through this. "Cause I can't!"

Bill started to talk about Georgie and the lump in Eddie's throat tightened making it impossible to talk and beg to Bill to stop because they weren't ready.

"Wait, Bill, please." Eddie said on the verge of tears, and at that Bill stopped. "You are right, we can't just pretend nothing is happening, but didn't you see what we did back there?" Eddie pointed in the direction of Bill's house. "We scared him away, not the other way around, we need to stick together, you can't- you can't go alone." Bill looked at him stunned, and Eddie feels Richie's hand on his shoulder,

comforting him.

“Bill, we’d follow you anywhere, everywhere, but we have a real chance to beat him, how we did back there, if we go in now while we are this scared, we won’t be able to go against It.” Richie said serious, making the rest of the losers look at him with surprise in their faces, Eddie was the sole one not to be surprised, instead, he wore a look that Bill can only describe as lovesick. “We need a plan.” Richie stated.

“I...” Bill hesitated, he still felt the uncontrollable need to go into the house, to find Georgie, who was probably scared and sad, waiting for Bill, his older brother to find him. “Y-You d-d-duh-don’t understand.” Bill said desperately, he needed Georgie, he needed to find him, or die trying. “I have to go!” He almost cried, so he turned to the door again and went in.

Eddie and Richie shared apprehensive looks, meanwhile, they knew that they would be able to get out of the house unscathed, with all the things they had changed they feared something might go wrong.

“Wait!” Stan says. “Uh...shouldn’t we have...some people keep watch?” Everyone stays silent so stan continues. “You know, just... just in case something bad happens?”

“Bill, Richie, and I will go in, you guys stay and keep watch, you’ll be our back up.” Eddie says diligently and looks at Beverly, who nods back in agreement. Bill seems to agree and starts entering the house, Eddie and Richie start climbing the stairs to follow him.

“Maybe it’s time we told them everything.” Eddie whispers, uncertain.

“Maybe.” Richie agreed, they would have to discuss it later, weight the pros and cons of such decision, but for the time being, it did seem like the most logical course of action.

The door creeks as they enter, they look around, it’s dark, even though it’s still broad daylight, and Eddie must admit he is a little scared.

“I can smell that.” Eddie said, starting to feel his lugs close at the memory of the final battle.

“Don’t breathe through your mouth.” Richie said, but he gave Eddie a worried glance. “You know, ‘cause then you are eating it.” He brushes his hand on Eddie’s arm.

“Shut up Richie.” Eddie said back, though despite himself smiles slightly.

Each of the three boys was looking at different directions, Richie looked at his left, where a paper was caught in some dried plants that hung over a worn sofa. Richie knew what it was, the missing flier with Richie’s face, it didn’t affect him anymore he was prepared for it, so he went to look at it for shits and giggles, as he usually does.

Richie takes the flier form between the dried leaves and white spiderwebs, this time, however, instead of the big black letters spelling ‘missing’ there was the word ‘FORGOTTEN’ and breath gets caught in his chest. Where his photo was printed red marker crossed his eyes, his age says ‘11 years old’ for some reason, as if the person who printed didn’t even care to get his age right. *Last seen: WHO CARES?* And in the contact information reads: *Nobody wants a trash-mouth* like him.

Richie gasps and that attracts the attention of both Eddie and Bill who start walking to where he stood clutching the paper tightly as a lump formed in his throat.

“What?” Bill asks, and Richie didn’t respond as he is shaking, which alarms Eddie something is wrong.

Bill looked at the paper, as did Eddie, whose eyes widen as he directed his gaze at Richie again. Richie’s eyes are glassy, his face was white.

“Richie.” Eddie said breathlessly. “I could never...” He started, but he couldn’t continue, he had forgotten Richie, unintentionally but he had forgotten.

“You could never what, Eddie?” Richie asked as tears finally

streamed down his cheeks. “Forget? You have before, you will.” He said shakily.

A fire ignited in Eddie. “I didn’t want to, and even when I did, something was missing, *you* were missing,” He said strongly. “nothing, *no one* completed me as you do.” Eddie continued vehemently, and he took the paper from Richie’s hand roughly. He points at the ‘WHO CARES?’ part. “Because I care, I always have.” When Eddie said his voice breaking at the end of the sentence. “So, *this* is bullshit.” Eddie ripped the paper in half, crumpled it and threw it to the floor.

Bill and Richie stare at him, and suddenly Eddie felt embarrassed at the confession and blushed furiously.

“A-Anyway, we should get going.” Eddie turns away from the two boys still staring at him.

“Hello?” The voice of a girl said from the upper floor of the house. “Hello?” It sounds pained, the boys follow the voice. “Help me, please!” They pleaded.

The sounds didn’t stop, and when the boys made it upstairs, they found Betty Ripson heaving and coughing, she was pulled back from behind, where they couldn’t see. Bill gasps, Eddie and Richie grimace, Betty screams. They start walking to the room where Betty once was.

“Eddie...” Said the hoarse voice of the leaper, Eddie couldn’t help but turn to the voice. “What are you looking for?”

Eddie just stares at the door where the sound came from. It is too late when he turns to look at where Richie and Bill once stood, they were already in the room, with their back turned to Eddie as the door was closing.

“Fuck,” Eddie uttered. “Richie! Richie!” He tries running as fast as he can to the door, which sadly closed with a loud snap.

The sound startled Richie and Bill, who realize the third boy that was with them just a mere minute ago was at the other side of the old

door.

Richie's eyes widened. "Eddie! EDDIE!" He desperately tried to open the door, banging it when it wouldn't budge.

On the other side, Eddie tried to reach them, but as he was nearing the door a hole in the floor opened, and he flailed in an attempt not to fall. As the shorter boy stared at the hole on the ground, a hand grasped his shoulder.

"Oh, for fuck's sake." Eddie said lowly to himself tired of dealing with the disgusting figure behind him.

"Time to take your pill, Eddie." The leaper screeched.

Eddie rolled his eyes. "You are going to have to do better than that, you fucking clown." Eddie sassed.

The leaper growled and pushed Eddie to the hole.

"Guh-!" Eddie flailed as he fell back to the first floor onto a table, breaking under his weight. The impact made his vision turn in circles, unfocused, his eyes started to close, and his last thought was of Richie.

Bill and Richie still struggled to open the door, shaking the handle relentlessly, shouting for the smaller boy.

"Richie." Eddie's voice whispers behind Richie. He turns to it, while Bill is still calling for Eddie. "Here, Richie." The voice whispers and Richie briefly sees Eddie's figure making a gesture for him to come.

"Eddie." Richie goes into the room without hesitation, he forgets for a moment what happened last time, momentarily blinded by the notion of Eddie being there. "Eddie." He calls again. "Edd-" Richie suddenly remembers what happened last time, and turns to the door, where Bill stood now on the other side. Richie reaches for the door but it promptly shuts. "Fuck!" He cursed, on the other side Bill tries to open the door, but Richie knows by now it won't.

Anger stirs in his chest when he heard the sheets covering the toy clowns fall to the ground, he wastes no time and goes straight to the

coffin at the end of the room, Richie rips the sheet off and opens it harshly, also discarding the black thing covering what Richie knows is a rotting doll of himself, except it isn't, it is Eddie, Eddie's dead body, with his eyes staring blankly, his mouth open, and colorless.

The cry that Richie let out was strangled as it got caught in his throat, unable to see the corpse of the person he loves, Richie shuts the coffin, but when he did Pennywise jumped out of it, startling him, as he tumbled backward.

“Beep beep, Richie.” It says and rushes to him.

This time Richie raises his leg and all his strength hits the clown in the stomach and pushes hard. “Fuck you!” It crashes with the wooden coffin and Richie doesn't stay to see when he gets up, and bolts to the door that finally opens, showing Bill's panicked face.

Pennywise rushes to them, but Bill shuts the door.

The dirty mattress in the floor rattles and Richie grabs Bill's arm and drags him out the room as fast as he can without hesitation through the not scary at all door.

Eddie gasped and sat up, panting at the sharp pain in his arm, he places his other arm protectively where the bones have snapped.

The fridge opens where Pennywise is contorted to fit in, and It laughs maniacally as he crawls from the small space, unfolding with cracking sounds, Eddie stares back.

“I have never met someone quite like you, Eddie Spaghetti.” Pennywise said with a faux playful voice, extending the ‘i’ in his nickname.

“Only one person can call me that, and it's not you, you filthy clown!” Eddie bellowed.

“Oh! You would know about filthy, wouldn't you? Eddie-bear!” It said, and Eddie saw its face morph slightly into his mother's.

Eddie remembered how his mother said, ‘Queer people are filthy, SICK!’ and he recalled fearing what his mother would say about him

and his dirty, dirty thoughts about other boys.

He scowled.

Pennywise took a step forward and Eddie backed up, realizing he was alone, with no Richie this time to give him courage. The clown kept stepping toward him and Eddie pushed himself away from him.

“He would never love you.” It said. “You are too delicate.” It grabbed Eddie’s face, opening his mouth and showing his pointy teeth.

Eddie whimpered. “Fuck you...” He tried, but it was too low, too afraid.

Suddenly Pennywise turned to look away from Eddie.

“Richie!” Eddie called desperately. “Bill!” It covered his mouth with its hand.

Richie and Bill came rushing to the room, panting, and Pennywise turned to look at them, without taking his hand off Eddie’s face.

“Eddie!” Richie breathed.

“This isn’t real enough for you, Billy?” Pennywise said to the blue-eyed boy. “It was real enough for Georgie!”

“Get away from Eddie, you sloppy bitch!” Richie grabbed the clown by the shoulders when It made his way to him and Bill, screeching and yanked him away, tossing the clown to the side, crashing with some furniture.

Richie rushed to Eddie.

The clown laid confused against the chair, and Bev who had entered with a spike of a fence raised stood confused too.

“Are you ok?” Richie fused over the boy with the broken arm, who was panting at the pain.

Pennywise turned to Beverly instead and roared, standing to open its mouth and try to bite the young girl, Bev stabbed It in the eye and

through its head. She edged away toward Richie, Eddie, and Bill were.

It growled and Its hands turned into claws, It turned harshly to the door, slashing Ben in the process, and backed to the door and disappearing.

Everyone was screaming.

“Don’t let him get away!” Bill yelled and followed It, but when he went downstairs, Pennywise was disappearing down the well. From the room, one of the losers was calling for Bill.

“I’m gonna snap your arm in place!” Richie said.

“Do NOT fucking touch me!” Eddie demanded. “Do NOT fucking touch me!” He cried, as Richie snapped his arm in its original place and the shorter boy screamed.

All seven of them then ran out of the house.

They needed to take Eddie to the hospital, so they all rushed to the boy’s house when nearing the Kaspbrak residence Sonia was already walking out moving to the children when she saw how shaken and worried for Eddie they were.

When they got there, she noticed Eddie clutching his right arm, she gasped furiously and grabbed Eddie by the other arm.

“Mom-!” Eddie started.

“No.” Sonia cut him off and pointed accusingly at his son’s friends. “YOU, you did this!” She said angrily.

“Richie.” Eddie said weakly.

“Eddie.” Richie said, reaching for the other boy.

“You are all disgusting children.” Sonia yanked the small boy away from Richie and started to drag Eddie to her car. “Especially you, Tozier.” She said venomously at Richie, who flinched.

Bill tried to explain, but Sonia wouldn't let him, Eddie, already in the car, just stared at his friends, not wanting to leave them, but too shaken to do anything. Sonia dropped the car keys and Bev tried to pick them up, but Sonia called her dirty and turned away. Eddie cried as his mom once again prohibited him from seeing his friends, and he really felt thirteen years old again, powerless against his controlling mother who drove him away from those he loved.

"Why didn't you fucking listen, Bill!" Richie yelled once Sonia Kaspbrak's car was far away. "We fucking told you! We told you we weren't fucking ready!" He bellowed with anger and he walked up to Bill.

"N-N-Next time w-" Bill frowned.

"No Bill!" Richie said. "You fucked it up! He tried to tell you, and you didn't fucking listen!" He jabbed his finger against Bill's chest.

"B-B-buh-but G-Georgie's st-" Bill started.

"Georgie is dead!" Richie spat. "Stop trying to get us killed too."

"Georgie is not dead!" Bill raged forward to match Richie. "I know you are scared but take it back!" Bill shoved Richie.

"You fuc-" Richie stopped, this is what It wants, Beverly had said so all those years ago. He took a deep breath to calm himself. "I know this is hard to hear Bill, and there's nothing I wish more than it was true; that Georgie was still with us," Richie took another deep breath, Eddie might kill him for this but he couldn't let the group separate. "but he isn't, and I'm sorry, I know you think that Georgie is still down there. And I also know for a fact that he is not."

Bill's anger didn't diminish, and he opened his mouth to yell at Richie, but the later cut him off.

"Wait, listen to me." Richie said. "There's something Eddie and I haven't told you guys." That brought the attention of all the present losers. Once again, Bill was about to speak, but Richie didn't let him. "Remember back there, I said Eddie had forgotten me?"

Bill's eyes widened, he had been confused by what his two friends

were saying, but it was a very emotional and intimate moment, he didn't interrupt. "Y-Y-Yeah, what was that about?"

"Eddie did forget, we all forgot." Richie explained vaguely and glanced at the sewer at the edge of the street distractingly. "But we can't talk here." The other losers looked at him hesitantly. "Remember that Eddie said he had the same blood thing happen to him? That was a lie, he knew for another reason."

Beverly's eyes widened.

"Mike," Richie said to the dark-skinned boy. "can we go to your farm, we can't be near Derry, or It will hear." He knew Pennywise could hear them through the sewers line, and it would be worse than bad if It knew what he was about to confess.

Mike nodded but remained confused.

Richie walked to get his bike, and the rest of them followed hesitantly. "I swear I'm not fucking with you." Richie promised.

Once at Mike's farm, and reasonably away from Derry Richie decided it was time to tell them the truth, he will deal with Eddie's wrath later. Bev was tending to Ben's wounds, but Richie could tell that all of them were paying attention to him.

"OK," Richie started, mentally preparing himself. "this is going to be hard to believe, but here it goes." He thought out loud. "Eddie and I come from 27 years in the future."

"What?!"

Notes for the Chapter:

Things about this chapter:

-Eddie and Richie feared their respective crushes to be discovered back when they were 13 too, but they were overshadowed by their other fears. Due to Its tactics not working, Pennywise, in a desperate attempt to scare the time travelers, tried to use their other fears, to see if they worked, which they did on Richie.

-On Eddie's scene, all I could think of was It saying shit like "STRAIGHT PEOPLE!" at him to scare him and Eddie being like "AHHHH Nooooooo! Not straight people!" but you know, Pennywise doesn't know about Eddie's true fear.

-I think Richie and Eddie sometimes act up because even though they are mentally 40, their bodies are still 13, and hormones ya know.

5. RIP Harambe bc it's 2016

Summary for the Chapter:

Feeling and homophobia are bullshit.

Notes for the Chapter:

WARNING: there are some 2016 memes so try to remember them?

Richie flinched at the loud sound of his friend's yelling.

"Richie, we thought this was serious." Beverly chastised, frowning at him, and Richie put both hands on his face and groaned.

"It is!" He cried.

"Fuck off Richie, you said you weren't fucking with us." Stan said, equally upset.

"I swear to you guys, what I'm saying is true." Richie said desperately. "Haven't you noticed I've been acting differently? More mature, serious, whatever you want to call it? That is not 1989 Richie."

Beverly, Bill, and Ben looked like they were considering what Richie was saying, because they had noticed something, back at the Neibolt house he hadn't fucked around and even had tried to convince Bill of thinking things through. Stan and Mike continued looking, skeptic.

"Would you believe me if Eddie corroborated what I'm saying?" Richie asked, missing the other boy.

"Yeah, there's no way Eddie would indulge you if this was something you made up." Stan said, even though he still strongly doubted the credibility of what his friend was saying.

"OK then, tomorrow when we see him you can ask him." Richie said. "But for now, listen to me, because I'm going to tell you how to defeat Pennywise, and then you can decide not to believe me." He

had a serious glint in his eyes as he spoke.

“Wait.” Mike said. “You know how to defeat It and you didn’t say anything?”

They all turned to Richie.

“...I had a good reason.” He defended. “Eddie and I were afraid we would make things even worse, and that if we changed too much then there would be a point where things would just be so unpredictable, knowledge from the future wouldn’t be useful.” Richie explained.

“So, let me get this straight,” Ben said. “you are actually a 40-year-old man trapped in the body of a 13-year-old boy?”

“Essentially yes,” Richie answered. “though the way you are saying it makes me sound creepy.”

“B-but how?” Bill said, still confused. “How did you come back? C-can someone else do it too? Did y-y-y-you choose the ti-time you would go back t-to?”

Richie’s eyes softened; he knew Bill was asking because he wanted to save his brother. “I don’t really know how we did it, I just woke up here and Eddie died before being sent b-”

“Eddie what!?” Beverly asked outraged.

Richie winced. “Yeah, Eddie died, It punctured his abdomen with his claws when he was in this ginormous spider mode, and he bled out on the floor.” It was painful to remember what had happened, his heart clenched at the memory of Eddie laying on the floor coughing blood, with Richie sobbing over him, pleading for him not to go. “Not very nice.” There was silence for a few seconds.

“So, how do we defeat it?” Ben asked after the long silence.

“It’s kind of frustratingly easy, actually.” Richie said. “We need to stay united, get over our childhood traumas, and call Pennywise a sloppy bitch.”

“...Sloppy bitch?” Stan asked with a raised eyebrow.

“Oh, right.” Richie realized the others are 30 years behind in popular culture. “See it...you know what? It doesn’t matter, we need to make It think It’s small, then we take out Its heart and crush it and can go on our merry way.”

“Make It thinks It’s small!?” Stan splutters. “How do you want us to do that?”

“We just kind of call it names and shit, you know like, ‘fuck you, you clown!', and have courage or something.” Richie groans frustrated, seeing the confused glances of his friends. “God, Eddie is so much better than I am at this.”

“Why don’t you just start at the beginning?” Beverly suggested sensing his distress.

Richie nodded.

“Oh, Eddie-bear!” Sonia Kaspbrak said as she entered her home after going to the hospital to take care of Eddie’s broken arm. “Look at what those ruffians did to you!” She fussed. “You are NOT allowed to see them again.”

“What?” Eddie said with a thin voice, he couldn’t let the losers separate, that was what It wanted and if they strived to kill Pennywise before It went into Its 27-year slumber they needed to stay together. Besides, Eddie wanted to be with his friends, with Richie. “T-they’re not ruffians.” He defended.

“But Eddie-bear, look at what they did to your arm!” She scoffed. “They are all dirty children,” Sonia scrunched her nose. “And worst of all, that Tozier boy.” She laughed. “I hear he is a faggot.” She said with disgust.

Anger burned in Eddie's stomach at that, making him cry again, this time out of rage.

Sonia chuckled. "Apart from a fairy, a useless and filthy boy." She turned to Eddie. "I don't want you near that boy...who would want that trash bag anyway?"

Then Eddie snapped, his mother didn't understand how amazing Richie was, how intelligent, nice, and so many more things that were the ones that Eddie loved so much. "I do!" He exploded. "I want him, I LOVE him." He said vehemently. "I always have, he is not filthy or useless, and what if he is gay?" Eddie looked at her mother's shocked eyes and laughed bitterly. "Newsflash mom, I am gay!" He yelled defiantly.

His mother turned red. "Edward Kaspbrak, do not dare say any of that nonsense!" She bellowed, but then she calmed down again in order to coax her son into her side. "You are not in love with him, and you are not a faggot, you are so sick Eddie, so sick." Sonia started to make small circles in Eddie's back in a 'soothing' manner. "Let's go to the pharmacy and get you some pills to cure you."

"No!" Eddie snapped at her slapping her arm away. "I'm not sick, I never was! My pills are bullshit." He looked at her dead in the eyes and smiled bitterly. "But you knew that already, didn't you, ma?"

"Eddie, they help you, I'm just trying to protect you." Sonia's eyes were wide open as she realized she'd been caught in her lie when Eddie continued to stare at her without an ounce of belief. "I would nev-" She started shaking her head in indignation.

"Don't you dare deny it, mom!" Eddie yelled at her, and this time he looked at her in disgust, he now understood this was not love, and it had taken him almost thirty years to get there. "I've spent my whole life being scared of everything because of you, now I see how wrong you were." He spat and bolted to the door leaving his mother baffled and calling after him.

"Eddie! Eddie! Eddie! Get back here!" She screamed sounding angry. "Don't do this to me!" Sonia said, trying to manipulate him into coming back.

Eddie grabbed his bike and started riding to Mike's farm, Richie and him had discussed where they would go if they were to tell the losers of their trip to the past. They had agreed that Mike's farm was far enough from the sewer system, or at the very least it was easier to get away from anywhere connected to Pennywise's lair. It was a shot in the dark, really, there was no guarantee Richie was telling them at the farm, Eddie didn't even know if Richie had stopped the fight from happening. Regardless Eddie biked even faster towards the farm.

"So, when we left Derry, we forgot everything, we forgot It, we forgot each other, so we never grew up exactly." Richie explained. "But Mike," He turned to the dark-skinned boy to his right. "you stayed in case It returned."

"I stayed?" Mike said confused, he wanted to get out of town as soon as he could as the rest of the losers.

"Yeah, dude." Richie gave him a soft and sympathetic smile. "27 years later you called each one of us to come back to Derry, to kill It."

"W-Why would we come back?" Stan choked out.

"When we were all touched by Pennywise, It infected us, if we didn't come back we would have literally killed ourselves." Richie answered, pointedly avoiding telling them about Stan. "So, running away wasn't exactly an option, plus the fucking clown wanted revenge, It wasn't about to let us go so easily."

"So, we have to wait 27 years to kill It?" Ben asked.

Richie snorted, this time travel thing was a miracle, if they failed and had to wait another thirty years they might forget everything about the future, the only advantage they had over Pennywise. "I sure fucking hope not-"

The last part was cut off by someone yelling in the distance. "Guys!" He cried Eddie as he biked up to where his friends were with some difficulty due to his broken arm.

Richie lit up. "Eddie!"

Eddie was panting and sweating, and his eyes were red, he was crying, and Richie couldn't help but want to punch whoever had made his Eddie Spaghetti cry.

Despite everything, Eddie smiled at the taller boy. "Hey."

"Hey." Richie smiled back.

"So, you told them?" Eddie asked between pants.

"Holy shit!" Stan said. "He's not lying."

Eddie laughed. "No, he is not lying, we really come from 27 years in the future." He assured.

"W-Wow..." Bill said.

"Yeah, 2016 is a wild fucking year, you guys don't even know." Richie said, then looked at Eddie dead in the eye. "RIP Harambe"

Eddie lets out a laugh and shakes his head while the others look confused.

They spent the rest of the evening explaining to the other losers how they defeated It the last time, the losers seemed hesitant, but determined to help and listened closely to Eddie and Richie's tale. Richie and Eddie explained that in order to be able to defeat IT they had to overcome their traumas, and Eddie suggested that they go one by one discussing them with each of the other losers the next day.

Thanks to the fight never getting so serious they'd split up, and the fact that they knew with certainty that they were going to kill it, united them as a group.

"So..." Richie said once the group went their separate ways and only him and Eddie remained. "Why were you crying?" He said worriedly.

“Is everything ok?”

Eddie hesitated; he didn’t know if he could tell Richie about his sexuality, it is true he came from a time that was more relaxed in those types of things, but that didn’t take the uneasiness off Eddie. “I uh...fought with my mom...I told her I’m gay.” The last part came in almost a whisper.

Richie stopped walking and Eddie winced.

“Oh, Eddie.” Richie’s eyes softened. “Was she mad?”

Eddie laughed dryly. “Was she mad? Yeah, she was furious, she said...she said I was sick.” He spat and tears gathered in his eyes, which he tried to will away.

Richie placed a hand on Eddie’s shoulder. “Eddie, you are not sick, being gay is not a bad thing.” He said strongly and Eddie sniffed but smiled at the boy in glasses in front of him, who returned it. “Your mom is just too hung up on my dick to see it.”

Eddie pushed Richie but smiled despite himself. “Shut up, you asshole.”

Richie laughed briefly but then hesitated when he opened his mouth again. “Do you...would you rather stay at my house tonight?” He asked. “You know, so you don’t have to endure the lecture.” Richie looked away.

Eddie frowned. “Won’t your parents mind?” He felt so weird asking that since he was actually a 40-year-old man.

Richie shrugged. “It’s Friday, Wentworth won’t come home until Sunday, and my mom won’t even notice.”

Eddie should say no, he really should, he is in love with Richie, and staying with him when he knows that Eddie can’t have him is dangerous, he is going to get hurt. But Eddie doesn’t want to go to his mother, so it seems like a good choice for the moment. “Okay.”

They go to Richie’s house and he smuggles Eddie past his mother, who is passed out on the couch surrounded by empty bottles and

enter his room.

“Do you want to borrow some pajamas?” Richie said, already reaching for a shirt and some pajama shorts.

“Yeah.”

Richie handed them to Eddie, and the later went to the bathroom. Once out Eddie decided it was time to discuss what they had told the other losers since that seemed to be the most pressing matter.

“Did you tell them everything?” Eddie asked as he sat next to him in the bed.

“No, I didn’t say anything about Stan, I didn’t know how he would react.” Richie answered nervously “Same with the Bev got kidnapped by It thing.”

“Yeah, that seems about right.” Eddie said after a few seconds of pondering. “They are still children; they could be rash and do something we might regret later, you did great.”

Richie smiled and laughed. “Yeah, can you imagine what Bill would do if he knew Bev was gonna get kidnapped?”

“Probably just throw himself at It and hope for the best.” Eddie laughed back.

“Why did you tell your mom you are gay?” Richie said once the laughter died down.

Eddie felt his cheeks heat up. “...She was insulting you, saying you were filthy and useless.” Eddie frowned, some of that rage rekindled. “That you are a faggot...and I couldn’t take it, so I exploded and yelled at her to shut up, that *I* was gay.” Eddie looked away, he had lied and didn’t tell Richie about how he confessed his love for him. “And I already told you the rest.”

Richie had a radiant smile. “My Eddie Spaghetti, defending my honor!” He said dramatically and pinched Eddie’s cheeks. “Cute, cute, cute, cute!”

Eddie laughed. “Fuck off, you asshole!” He tried swatting the other boy’s hands. “I defend you, and this is the thanks I get?”

They both laugh, and then Richie looks at Eddie with intense eyes along with an emotion Eddie can’t decipher.

“Thank you, Eddie.” Richie said soft and genuine. “Thank you for caring.”

Eddie knew there was something else, he knew Richie’s parents didn’t care and despite Richie himself not being an actual teenager, this whole situation had opened old scars.

“Always, Richie.” Eddie answered back. “I love you.” He knew Richie wouldn’t see how different his love was, the losers had told each other of the friend and family love they shared, this wasn’t a strange occurrence, Richie wouldn’t know how exactly Eddie loved him.

“I love you too.” Richie said hoarsely.

They hugged tightly maybe spilling a few tears.

Notes for the Chapter:

Things about this chapter:

-First and foremost, I am so sorry this took so long, I just wasn't happy with how it was turning out and I wanted it to be longer but it wasn't so yeah.

-I think that Eddie and Richie, like most adults, underestimate children, or more like they think that they are not mature enough for many things, and I think that could be a fatal flaw when it comes to the losers.

-I just realized that Eddie and Richie have 2016 memes and vines, and you can't tell me Richie doesn't quote them, you CAN'T, hence Harambe and all that might include dabbing too, cause ya know 2016.

-What 2016 memes or vines do you want to see if there's any?

6. What the fuck, Richard!?

Summary for the Chapter:

Richie did an oopisie.

Notes for the Chapter:

Here it goes, the longest one yet as an apology for taking so long to update. I was on vacation, sorry.

Eddie's eyes flutter open slowly, he blinks a few times until the blurriness fades, he notices absentmindedly that he is warm, not unbearably hot due to it being summertime, but comfortably so. Soon he notices he is against someone's chest, he immediately recognizes Richie's ugly Hawaiian shirt and smiles slightly, though he debates if he should untangle himself from the other man before he wakes up and Eddie starts to feel awkward.

Sadly, Eddie isn't fast enough, Richie twitches lightly and Eddie looks up at him. Richie blinks too.

"...Morning." Richie said with a sleep laced gruff voice as he removes his arm from Eddie's waist where it previously laid to put on his glasses properly.

"Morning, Richie." Eddie smiled fondly; it was way too early to put on his mean front. He removes his arm from Richie's middle so he can stretch and chase away the remnants of his sleepiness.

Richie sits up on the bed too, moving his left arm in circles slowly and hissing slightly. "Shit, Eds, way to give me a dead arm." He gets up and starts walking to his bathroom.

"Not my fault you cuddle in your sleep." Eddie retorted and huffed at the almost inaudible 'fuck off' Richie gave his as he closed the bathroom door

It was a weird feeling, being 40 in a 13-year-old body, sometimes he would feel as he did in his old body, exhausted and bored with his life, but now there were times he felt young again, he truly would

feel 13, and maybe it was all that shit about the losers not being able to grow up properly, but there were moments where Eddie forgot his life back in New York, with his job, with Myra. God Myra, he hadn't thought about her since he traveled back, which really said a lot of things about his marriage, none of them new.

Eddie wondered what time it was and started to look in his pockets for his phone and then he scoffed a laugh when he remembered he didn't have one yet.

"What are you laughing at?" Richie asked, which almost made Eddie jump in surprise since he hadn't noticed when the other had exited the bathroom.

"Nothing, I was just looking for my phone and then remembered they haven't been invented yet." Eddie said shaking his head at the absurdness of their situation, it wasn't easy, being sent back 27 years in the past by a cosmic turtle (not that they knew about that).

Richie laughed back. "Can't say I haven't done that a few times." Then he huffed again. "It's weird to think that right now we are the most intelligent humans on the planet."

"Shut up, that can't be true."

"No, Eds, I'm serious, think about it." Richie sat down next to Eddie. "We know about mental illness, we know about climate change," Richie paused, trying to think of more things. "and most importantly we know memes and vines."

Eddie snorted and rolled his eyes. "Ah yes, a clear sign of superior intelligence." He said sarcastically.

"Shitposting is a miracle of science and you know it." Richie smirked. "You got my Harambe meme reference, I bet you dab in your free time." He teased.

Eddie laughed. "That's all I do along with the bottle flip challenge and quoting vines." He teased back, beaming at the laughs he earned from Richie. "Don't you laugh Rich, meme knowledge makes a big part of risk analysis" Eddie can barely finish the sentence before he

is laughing uncontrollably too.

They both laugh together clutching their abdomens and tearing up from laughter.

The door swings open harshly. “Richard, could you keep quiet, please.” Richie’s mother said. The laughter dies instantly as Margaret Tozier makes her presence known, she’s sober which is a miracle on its own, but she is nursing a nasty hangover. She looks at Eddie with tired eyes. “Hello, Edward.”

“Good morning Mrs. Tozier, I’m sorry, we didn’t mean to disturb you.” Eddie said politely.

“Yeah, sorry, mom.” Richie said quietly behind the other boy.

Mrs. Tozier rubs her temples. “Just, keep it down.” Then, before either of them can reply, she is gone.

“Shit,” Eddie turns to Richie. “I’m sorry I shouldn’t have been so loud, I should leave-”

“Eddie,” Richie interrupted the others rambling. “I was laughing too, don’t worry about it.”

“Ok.” Eddie said, calming down. “But I really should leave, my mom might call the cops, and we have to meet the others at the quarry later.”

“Yeah, you are right.” Richie concedes, then he shoots Eddie a concerned look. “Are you sure you’ll be ok? You know, going to your mom.”

Eddie hesitates. “Yeah, I think so.”

Richie nods. “You can always come back if you need to.”

“Thank you, Richie.” Eddie smiles at him. “I’ll see you later.”

“See you.” Richie waves back.

Eddie goes back to his house and as he gets closer, the feeling of

apprehension intensifies. He knows this is not like other times, Sonia did not call the cops as she would have had she not known of his sexual preference. This unnerves Eddie, not because he cares what his mother thinks, but because were she to kick him out Eddie would have nowhere to go.

Sure, he could stay a few days at any of his friend's house, but it goes without saying he could not stay forever. And yes, he is technically a 40-year-old man that knows how to care for himself, but he doubts anyone would hire a legally 13-year-old boy.

Eddie unlocks the door hesitantly.

"M-mom?" Eddie stutters.

"Eddie-bear? Is that you?" Sonia says hopefully.

"Yes, mom." Eddie replies.

Sonia comes down the stair with some difficulty but is already fusing over him. "I knew you would realize how wro-"

"No mom, I didn't come back here because I think you were right." Eddie says strong. "I came back because I love you mom, but I will never go back to how things were." After all, he did love his mom, the way she loves him wasn't healthy, but she had raised him.

"Eddie..." Sonia says stunned.

"So, if you can't accept me for who I am, and leave that sickness bullshit," Eddie looked at her in the eye with seriousness. "then I don't think I can live here with you." It's mostly an empty threat, but he has had time to think things through.

She scoffs at him. "And where else would you go?" She challenges.

"To dad's parents." In the first timeline, his mother never told him he had grandparents until they died when he was around 20. "They'll help me."

Sonia looks at Eddie with wide eyes, obviously not expecting him to know about them. "I-I'm still your legal guardian, they can't take

you.”

Eddie smiles at her, he had thought of that. “Yes mom, but what would happen if the police knew you lied to your son and gave him unprescribed pills?”

“Your pills don’t do anything.”

“Exactly mom, they’ll think you are crazy and unfit to continue raising me, and you would never see me again.” Eddie didn’t know that for sure, but he knew that it was believable enough to trick his mom.

Sonia remained silent.

“I don’t want to go, but I will if I have to.” Eddie said with finality and went to his room.

A few hours later the losers reunited at Mike’s house so each of them had a talk about their fears so they could deal with them and so they would be stronger and be able to destroy It.

“Before we start, I just wanted to remind you guys that the fact that we overcome our fears isn’t as important as us, the losers, staying together against it.” Eddie said once they were about to start. “So, uh...Bev, you want to go first?”

“Naturally.” She smiled at Eddie and Richie, though the nervousness was palpable. They walked a few meters away so the others couldn’t hear.

“Bev,” Richie started, he had thought about what he would say to each of his friends and had run it to Eddie as an attempt to not fuck it up. “what your father is doing is not and will never be okay, he is an abusive asshole, and you deserve so much better.”

“Bev, you are one of the kindest, most badass people there is, you are

not a slut or a whore or any of that bullshit people in town say.” Eddie said. “And we fucking love you.”

“We will physically fight anyone who says shit about you.” Richie agrees.

Beverly was crying, big tears watering her pretty blue eyes. “Guys...” She said choked up and hugged the other two boys.

They remain a few seconds before Bev breaks the embrace and sniffs as she wipes the tears of her eyes.

“We know this won’t really stop you from being afraid, but think about every time you doubt yourself remember this and you will feel braver.” Eddie explains. “I say it from experience.”

Beverly smiled at them whole-heartedly and nodded. “Should I call someone?” She gestures at the rest of the losers seating in the distance.

“Yeah, call Ben, please?” Eddie said, and Beverly turned around and started walking away.

“What did you mean about saying it from experience?” Richie asked when Bev was out of range.

“Oh,” Eddie blushed. “uh...remember at the sewers, I was scared, and you told me I was braver than I thought, thinking about that was what gave me the courage in the end to throw the fence spike at It.” He said bashfully.

Richie smiled and was about to reply.

“So,” Ben said as he got closer to the other two men. “guess it’s my turn now?”

“Err...yeah.” Eddie said quickly.

“So, Benny-boy.” Richie smiled at him. “Do you want it swift and brutal or gentle and eased in?”

“uh...swift and brutal?” Ben said and Richie wasted no time.

“You think you don’t deserve love, that nobody could ever love you.” Richie said, making Ben inhale sharply. “Which obviously is not ok, Ben, you are the shit!”

“And we love you.” Eddie added. “All six of us do.”

“Who cares if you are big? That just means there’s more of you to love.” Richie said.

“It doesn’t matter that we haven’t known you for a long time.” Eddie assured.

“You are and forever will be part of the losers club.” Richie finished.

Ben was crying, tears and small sobs permeated the silence the two time-travelers left.

“Now, come here, Benjamin.” Richie extended his arms and Ben surged forward wrapping his arms over Eddie and Richie.

“Thank you, guys.” Ben said in between tears.

Once the embrace ended Eddie said. “Now, could you call Stan on your way out?”

Ben nodded as he started to walk away, and Stan arrived next to them shortly after.

“So,” Richie begins. “Stan the man! Ready to hear why you are amazing and you should never doubt that?”

Stan rolls his eyes at Richie’s obnoxiousness. “Do it quickly, I want to see what kind of birds are around here.”

“Ok, first and foremost, you are not weak.” Eddie said, and Stan’s eyes widened before looking at them with skepticism.

“Yeah Stan the man!” Richie hugged the other boy with his arm around Stan’s shoulder. “We are lucky number seven, we need you.”

Stan rolled his eyes but was smiling.

“So, don’t go thinking of doing anything stupid like last time.” Richie said.

Stan frowned. “Last time?” He asked while Eddie’s and Richie’s eyes widened. “What happened last time?”

“What the fuck, Richard?!” Eddie said nervously.

“Oh, uh, you see...” Richie spluttered as he tried to come up with an explanation.

“You,” Stan pointed at both accusingly. “are hiding things from us.” He glared. “So, what happened last time? What did I do?”

“It’s not impor-” Eddie tried to brush it off.

“Shut up, it must be for you to keep it from us.” Stan cut Eddie off.

“Stan, you...” Richie struggled, there was no easy out of this, he didn’t know how the boy would react to knowing he would kill himself, and on the other hand, if he didn’t tell him Stan would see it as Eddie and him not trusting the rest of the losers, again. “You kill yourself.” Richie thought that maybe then he and Eddie could work it off, rather than have Stan think they don’t trust him.

Stan is looking at them with wide eyes. “I die and you kept that to yourselves?” He said weakly as he slowly started to walk back to the group. “Do you really not trust us? Your friends?” Stan sounded hurt.

“Stan wait, no.” Richie said. “We do trust you!” Both him and Eddie followed Stan.

“What is happening?” Bev said with a frown as Stan, Eddie, and Richie got closer to her and the rest of the losers.

“They don’t trust us; they’ve been hiding things from us.” Stan said while starting to get a little teared up. “I *kill* myself,” He said painfully. “I screw you all over and kill myself.” He said his voice wavering. “And they were not going to tell us.”

“What?” Beverly said perplex. “You said you would tell us everything.”

“Well, they didn’t.”

“Are you hiding anything else from us?” Beverly asked frowning.

“I...” Eddie started. “We...” He said unable to deny it.

“What is it?” Bill demanded, frowning at them too.

Eddie and Richie share a look, if they say nothing the others won’t be happy, if they know Bev was kidnapped, they are going to be pissed too, they can’t win.

“It kidnaps Bev.” Richie said in a small voice, half hoping the others didn’t hear.

“It what?!” Ben and Bill said at the same time.

“Why didn’t you tell us, we could do something about it, instead of waiting for it to happen!” Mike said uncharacteristically angry.

“Why?” Ben said, brokenly and sad. “Why didn’t you tell us?”

“Be-because we didn’t know how you would react. We didn’t want you to do anything rash about it!” Eddie defended. “You are still kids.”

That prompted a deafening silence.

“So, you are like all the adults in Derry.” Bill said. “Who think we are less for being young.”

“N-no!” Richie said, but it was too late.

“I’m going, I don’t want to hear any of your bullshit.” Stan said, the others nodded and one by one they started going away, and Eddie and Richie could only stand and watch them with impotence.

There was only Mike left, looking at them with disappointment.

“Next time just trust us.” He said and then turned to start walking to his house a few meters away.

“No...” Richie choked and then turned to Eddie. “What are we going

to do? We fought, Bev's going to get kidnapped.”

Eddie stayed silent for a few seconds before talking. “We’ll have to watch over Bev.” He stated. “Maybe I could stay at yours and we’ll see what we can do?”

“Yeah, ok.” Richie said.

They got to Richie’s house and talked for a few hours; they fell asleep in each other’s arms scared of what the fight would mean for the Losers.

Eddie woke up feeling a pair of eyes on him, and when you and your friends are going against an alien clown murderer for the third time, you tend to get paranoid. Eddie jumped off the bed to see who or what was looking at him so intensely.

Eddie wishes it was Pennywise for a few seconds, due to how mortified he feels, a side-effect of being trapped in a bad version of ‘17 again’ with Zack Effron, except instead of 17, Eddie is trapped in his prepubescent 13-year-old body. Right in front of him is Wentworth Tozier, looking at Eddie and his son cuddling in the latter’s bed.

“Oh, uh...Mr. Tozier, I’m so sorry to intrude.” Eddie spluttered, unsure of what to say to the cold stare of the other man, all while Richie is still snoring at his side.

For some reason the taller man looked mad, and Eddie thought for a moment that maybe Richie had done something, however, what could Richie have done if Eddie had been with him the whole time?

“I think it I better you go home, Edward,” Wentworth said through gritted teeth.

Eddie hesitated, everything was giving off a bad vibe, he was reluctant to leave Richie, who was still asleep with the furious man

before him.

Eddie started to shake Richie to wake him. “Of course, Mr. Tozier, let me just thank Richie for the help on the math homework.” He internally winced at the lie, since it was summer and there was no homework.

“...Eds?” Richie said groggily. “What’s up, did-”

“Morning Richie.” Eddie hurriedly cut him off. “I just wanted to say goodbye and thank you for your help on math.”

“...Math?” Richie asked and then saw Eddie eyes pleading him to go along, confused he looked at the door of his room, where his father stood, angrily looking at him, ‘shit’ he thought. “Yeah, of course, Eddie, a-anytime.” He said as he sat up.

Eddie walked hesitantly to the door. “We’ll talk later, see you.” He said and looked warily at Richie then at Wentworth.

“See you.” Richie said apprehensively.

Richie’s father continued to stare at Richie as they heard Eddie make his way out of the house. Richie started to feel kind of scared of his father’s glare.

“Why were you sleeping with that faggot.” Wentworth spat.

Richie frowned. “Eddie’s not-”

“Shut up Richard,” His father cut him off. “I have been hearing the things people say about you.”

Richie’s eyes widen.

Wentworth got closer. “People have been saying my son is a faggot.” His voice got louder, and Richie stumbled back, falling off the bed and quickly standing up. “And then I find you sleeping with that sick boy.”

Anger flared. “He is not sick.” Richie stated. “He is perfect, a-and I love him.”

Wentworth's face transformed in rage and he punched Richie in the face, making him stumble to the ground. As Wentworth walked forward intent clear in his features, Richie stumbled back in the floor trying to find something to defend himself. His father leaped forward when Richie grabbed one of the vodka bottles he had stolen from his mom and smashed it on Wentworth's head.

The other man fell to the ground leaving bloodied pieces of glass on the floor as Richie heaved, his high coming down. He stood up looking at his father laying on the floor, then the familiarity of the situation struck him, he remembered Bev and his eyes widened.

Anticipation boiled static in his ear and he turned around to see Pennywise smiling eerily at him as It took Richie by the throat.

Richie's vision went black.

Notes for the Chapter:

Things about this chapter:

-People in the US don't hug when they say goodbye and that fucks me up every time because I always write it in and then when I'm proofreading, I'm like "wait, gringos don't do that." And I have to rewrite the part.

-I think Eddie knows how to be manipulative too, after years of his mom manipulating him, now he can do the same things his mom did.

-Doing fights is so hard, I can't make them coherent.

-Tell me, who knew Richie was the new Bev?

Author's Note:

Hey guys, I hope you liked this.

Things about this chapter:

-I do not know how many chapters this fic will have, I estimate around 3, maximum 5.

-I could not find the English version of the 2019 movie, so if I ever use dialogs from that movie they are a translation from the Spanish dubb, so I

apologize for them being unaccurate.

-Eddies mom is dead last he knew, and his wife is just like her, he never had the opportunity of confronting either of them (aside from that summer of 1989, but that was never enough because in the end things stayed the same) so he retaliates being the way he is toward his mom.

-Eddie has very accurate memories of the first time he was 13, because he can remember what happened exactly as it's happening, which is not always helpful because it only comes back to him at as it's happening. However he does remember the big events.